VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM: "I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL." PAYABLE WITHIN FOUR MONTHS.

BY ORSON S. MURRAY. BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 18, 1843. VOL. XV. NO. 18.

POETRY.

For the Telegraph.

THE GRAVE.

I stand beside a lowly grave,
Eve's gentle wind is whisp'ring by;
And in the blue ethereal wave,
The stars have set their watch on high.

And who art thou, now slumb'ring here,
In undisturbed and peaceful rest?
For whom is shed the mourning tear,
And heaves the fond and sorrowing breast?

Bright being of earth's changing hour:
Too soon was veiled thy morning sun.
As fades some fair and lovely flower,
Thy golden sands of life were run.

Thou wert too angel-like to dwell
Amid life's scenes so dark and drear,
Where the glad sounds which rise, but swell
The dirge of sorrow and of fear.

And though thy loss we deeply mourn,
Hope points with seraph smile above,
Where we shall meet beyond earth's bourne,
To taste the joys of endless love.

Ira, Jan. 3, 1843. MALCOMB.

From the Methodist Reformer.

PRO-SLAVERY.

Perhaps a definition of this "unkind word" may not be out of place. The Latin word "*pro*" stands for the English word *for*—and when prefixed to the word *slavery*, making the compound word pro-slavery, means *for* slavery. So much for the definition of the term.

But it is said to be unkind to attach this name to men at the North, who inwardly hate slavery. Most of us at the North would be glad to have the slave emancipated immediately—then, "how can we be pro-slavery?"

A person's sentiments and actions are two things. A person may desire to see a good object accomplished, and still never touch it himself with the weight of his finger. How, then, is he for it?

Or a person may desire the accomplishment of two objects, the accomplishment of one of which may seem to be opposed to the other—and when the two objects are clearly placed before the mind, the person is for the thing in favor of which he acts, and against the other. As, for instance, a *great* church, a *pure* church, a fine salary, and a faithful discharge of duty are objects desirable, and all of which are not always attainable. But when one consents to preach so as to suit his hearers, and that at the expense of his conscience, he may justly be said to be for his salary. Or, when a minister, in his eagerness for members, disregards their morals, he may justly be said to be for numbers, even though he might prefer purity, could that be made consistent with the paramount desire of his heart—numbers.

No doubt the northern portion of the church would be glad to rid themselves of fellowship with slavery, if they could do it without losing members and wealth.—We can choose either, but we can't have both. Therefore we are for that which we choose. If we prefer a slaveholding church, we are plainly for slavery, and are pro-slavery in our religion. Every christian at the North could in one moment dissolve his ecclesiastical connection with slavery, were there not "other interests" that lay near his heart—interests which he is more in favor of, than he is opposed to slavery.

Northern politicians would be glad to see slavery abolished within the jurisdiction of the U. States—but how much do they desire it? Not so much as they do the attainment of other objects. Not so much as they do the furtherance of party ends. And when these "other interests" are put in comparison with the liberation of the slave, and they disregard the latter from the subserviency to the former, are they not pro-slavery? Are they not for slavery more than they are against it?

The Savior teaches the doctrine of non-neutrality in questions of religion. "He that is not for me is against me," is his plain decision. He and his—himself and his poor representatives, are so singularly united, that to despise them is to despise him! Nor is his doctrine, and the code of morals which he has propagated, less intimately connected with his person.—Professed attachment to his person can never atone for a disrespect to his precepts. If we are for him, we are likewise for his revealed will, practically. But how many impenitent persons profess attachment to religion, reverence it—intend, at some convenient season, to act in view of its claims—but live in their sins without the profession, much less the practice of it? And ministers of the gospel never have the modesty to tell them they are "on the Lord's side." They never tell such that they are for Christ.

The "pro and con" of a person's position is to be determined therefore, from his acts—not from his abstract wishes, or unpractised opinions.

BREAD.

"If you set any value on health, and have a mind to preserve nature, you must not separate the finest from the coarsest flour, because that which is fine is naturally of an obstructive and stopping quality; but on the contrary, the other, which is coarse, is of a cleansing and and opening nature; therefore, that Bread is best which is made of both together: for in the inward bran and skin of the wheat is contained an oily quality, which is of a sweet friendly nature, by reason whereof, the Bread which is made of fine and coarse together will not only be sweeter, and keep longer moist, but is also more wholesome, easier of concoction, and does gently loosen the belly; and, if plentifully eaten, it will cleanse and free the passages from gross phlegmy matter, it will strengthen also more than the Bread made of the finest flour, it will be harder, and appear staler at three days old, than the other will be at six or seven. It must be confessed, that the nutrimentive quality is contained in the fine flour, yet in the branny part is contained the opening and digestive quality; and there is as great a necessity of the one as the other. For the support of health, that which is accounted the worst, is as good and beneficial to nature as the best; for when the finest flour is separated from the coarsest and branny parts, neither the one nor the other have the true operations of the flour of wheat. By what has been said, we may gather, that the eating of fine bread is inimical to health, and contrary both to nature and reason, and was at first invented to gratify wanton and and luxurious persons, who are ignorant both of themselves and of the true virtue and efficiency of natural things. "Tyron, Anno. 1687"

HARD TIMES.

It seems to be generally conceded that "never were times like the present." To hear people talk one might suppose that the circulating medium had utterly disappeared from the terrestrial globe, to augment the coffers of hoarders in Symmes's hole, or some of the other provinces in terra incognita. Brokers complain that they are not clearing expenses; bankers that their business will not permit them to declare dividends; merchants that their goods lie unsold on the shelves; mechanics that they can find no employment even for their apprentices, and laborers that they and their families are starving. And yet, with all these complaints before us, we suspect that there must be some mistake in the matter. Money may not be so plentiful as it was, apparently, under a more inflated currency, but that it has totally disappeared from among us is by no means evident. Place only some attraction before the darling public, and there is a loosening of the purse strings which causes the "yellow boys" to float around much more abundantly than Senator Benton has yet succeeded in making them flow up the Mississippi. Let a foreign dancer appear in garments of narrowest brevity and most transparent texture, and straightway the deserted seats of the playhouse are crowded even to their utmost capacity, and at the close of her six-night engagement we see it heralded in one of the journals that Madame So-and-so has cleared her thousands of dollars.

Walk along Broadway, and inspect the throng of a sunny morning in that fashionable thoroughfare. Mark the ladies with feathers flying, gay silks, expensive velvets and precious jewelry; or the gentlemen with their gold watches, massive chains and diamond brooches. Can it be that the times are so hard? Perhaps so, but Broadway, at least, gives little token of destitution in the land.

Here is a fashionable shop, and it is crowded too. There stands Mrs. Z., whose husband was heard to say last week that he must discharge one half of his clerks; business was so dull that he *must* reduce his expenses. She has just made a purchase. What is it? An embroidered kerchief—dog cheap, at forty dollars. Verily this tells of money being *very* scarce.

Let us walk farther up. See, the fancy stores show as much auraction as of old, and the purchasers about the counters are apparently as numerous as ever. That man has just paid a hundred dollars for an inlaid dressing case. He, at least, cannot realize that times are so *very* hard.

But see what a crowd there is round that shop near the corner of Leonard street! Some accident must have happened—for surely in such "dreadful times" as these, so many could not have assembled to make purchases. But then they are all ladies, and they, you know, are not fond of getting into crowds merely for the sake of beholding distress which they cannot alleviate. Let us inquire. Why, it is the new store of the SELBYS. Their old place of business was on fire a few weeks since, and a portion of their stock was damaged. They are now advertising it for sale at reduced prices, and mark the consequence! So much eagerness is manifested to secure a portion of the bargains, that their store is thronged from morning till night, and the proprietors are obliged to employ some forty or fifty clerks to wait upon their fair customers. Some money must be necessary to complete the daily purchases there made, and whatever the rest of the world may say, we warrant that the Selbys at least will tell you, "never was money more abundant."—*N. Y. Spec.*

The Latimer Case.—The people of Virginia cry out lustily against the late proceedings in Boston, to procure the liberation of Latimer; and the whole South joins in accusing the people of Massachusetts of a violation of the Constitution in seeking the passage of laws making every man a freeman when he enters that State. But Virginia expressly violates the Constitution, in taxing all New-York vessels in her waters. Louisiana assumes the right to make every black man from a free State, found within her territory, a slave. One of the conditions upon which the Constitution recognizes the right of the citizens of certain States to "persons held to service," was that all free citizens of other States should be free in every State. Yet South Carolina tramples down this provision, by claiming the right, under a law of her own, to arrest, imprison, and sell a free man of Massachusetts; and this, too, for no other offence than that of being found within her borders. If South Carolina and Louisiana have the right to preserve their soil from the contamination of freedom, Massachusetts should have the privilege of securing herself from the encroachment of slavery. *North American.*

Hints for Waverers on Diet.

Under this head, in our last number, we assumed the liberty of suggesting to the progressively disposed, that they should carry out their progressive ideas so far as to insist on taking all their food, both liquid and solid, at the temperature to which it will fall after it has been taken for some hours from the fire. If the giving up of flesh diet is found a difficult affair all at once, it may surely be taken cold. So with tea, coffee, and chocolate. All their virtues cannot reside in the heat, or, if they do, hot toast will serve for beef, and clean hot water in place of that which is dirtied by tea dust. From hot to cold, is a step from vice to purity; the advantages of which are great, but cannot be believed except upon experiment. Yet, who boils the strawberries, or roasts the melons? The highest, best, purest food, we eat as nature cooks it for us. Not until man is discontented with the productions in God's kitchen, does he set up one of his own. His discontent is the offspring of his greedy mind, not of his passive frame. The fire in hot food is so prevalent, that its natural flavor is three-parts destroyed. Salt, sugar, and other condiments are then introduced, as an attempt to restore the lost qualities. But the essence is dissipated up the chimney, as the fibre is broken at the fire. The spirit is gone, and only the refuse matter remains.

True, many things cannot be eaten uncooked; but then it is questionable whether they should be eaten at all. Some people eat hot bread and butter: but of the impropriety who can doubt? It is curious to observe what pains, trouble, and expense many worthy persons take in the attempt to improve nature. Apples, which may be pleasurably eaten raw, without any addition, must be sugared when eaten roasted; because the fire has either extracted or acidulated all the saccharine property. Wheat, which may be wholesomely eaten from the ear, is unmanageable when it is ground, and then must be fermented and fired. Curious industry; something akin to the noble expedient of digging holes on Tuesday to fill them up on Wednesday.

Hot food, so costly to the pockets, is no less injurious to the whole interior structure. The mouth, the most tender organ, except the eye, that we have control over, was certainly never designed for the reception of hot increments. The tongue, the windpipe, the teeth, all suffer. After flesh and fermented liquors, no means are more potent for the destruction of the teeth than our hot tea and coffee. All our enlightened dentists admit this. Even in the very moment of drinking the hot draught, the pains come on afresh, yet the sufferer will not abstain. The stomach, the digestive power, the bowels, are all necessarily weakened by warm applications. If we wish to dissolve or relax any substance, we soak it in warm water; if we wish to brace and invigorate it, we apply cold water. We have as little right to water the garden with warm water, as to dilute our secretions with any hot liquor. It is the developing means of many diseases, especially those peculiar to females. If a jockey has a favourite horse in good health, he does not feed him with hot water, nor with cooked oats.

Many thoughts will occur to the reader which we need not amplify. We may only suggest, that those diseases of the lower bowels, which have now become so common that a large medical society is established in London for their cure, are probably attributable to this bad practice. The poor, in pursuit of temperace, have very much given up beer, &c., and taken to coffee, and hence the increase of diseases of the rectum, &c. There is no temperance in hot tea and coffee; and to pure water, so pappily, so plenteously supplied by all-bounteous Providence, we must come at last.—*Healthian.*

From the National A. S. Standard.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The Rev. George B. Cheever, in his recent address before the New England Society, in New-York, spoke of Slavery as the growth of bad seed early sown in this land, and threatening terrible danger to our national prosperity and free institutions.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, in a recent lecture before the Mercantile Association in New-York, likewise bore a bold testimony against the peculiar institution. Thus do fragmentary echoes of truth reach the ears of this deluded people, sleeping as they are over a volcano.

"Longfellow, whose graceful and harmonious numbers have deservedly given him a very high rank among our popular poets, has recently published a small volume of Poems on Slavery. We rejoice to see *such* a writer true to himself and to humanity. Many of our authors, whose early productions were full of promise, soon ceased to grow, morally or intellectually, because they did not dare to be true to their own convictions. They laid their heads in the world's lap, and suffered themselves to be shorn of their strength.

This volume of Longfellow's is characterized by his usual beauty of style, while it is bolder, more energetic, and more earnest in its thought.

The following is a specimen.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheek,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumed the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

FROM "PROTESTANISM" BY JOHN GORDON, LONDON.

Protestanism, whether it be considered historical or philosophically, is an appeal against the authority of the church. It will be my object to state the principles on which I think that appeal may be justified. All I shall say will converge to the one point of individual freedom in the matter of religion; and I design my future lectures to be merely illustrative of that point.

The claim of church authority is generally supported by statements relative to the difficulty connected with the formation of individual opinion, and the necessity of preserving a unity of faith.

I enter not now upon the consideration of the theological truth of these statements. That may come under our review hereafter, when the difficulty and the necessity may both be disputed, as far as they bear upon the question. I put on one side also, at least for the present, the fact that this difficulty is not met, and this necessity is not answered, by any church system whatever. I content myself, on this occasion, with making such remarks on these two positions as may be amply confirmed by the argument directly bearing upon individual liberty, which it is my main purpose to conduct.

As to the difficulty connected with the formation of individual religious opinion, it has nothing to do with the real question in controversy. That question is—Whether there ought to be individual opinion? It is a question of right, not a question as to the manner in which that right may be exercised. The church claims authority which is intended to set aside individual investigation. The validity of that claim must be first decided upon. Has the church a right to the authority? Or has the man, on the contrary, a right to pursue the investigation? Let us clear up that point, and then, if it be needful, we may proceed to examine the difficulties which may be connected with the use of the power which we grant to the man. To entertain the question of difficulty first, would be only to prejudice the subject, the essential truth of which it cannot touch.

Then, again, as to the necessity of preserving a unity of faith. I have almost the same remark to make upon that position as I have just made upon the former one. It does not bear upon the matter in dispute. That matter is—Whether there should be any faith at all? I deny the application of the term *faith*, in any religious acceptation of it, to a mere reiteration of opinions which have not commended themselves to the individual judgment of him who repeats them after others. The grounds on which that denial rests must be first examined. It must be shown that implicit submission to priestly authority is faith; or, at least, such faith as religion sanctions and require. Till that be shown, the objection about preserving the unity of the faith is an assumption of the point in contest. I say that such submission is not the faith which the subject demands. Faith can only exist when the personal right attaching to human nature is possessed and experienced. When that question is settled, and not till then, will be the time, if needful, to enter upon the subordinate question of how, and how far the unity of faith ought to be preserved.

Before I proceed to examine the purposes of the authority which is claimed by the church, it may be necessary for me to notice the fact that the claim is urged in favor of a religious corporation. The assumption of power on the part of the church is made by it in its *comparative* capacity.

At the very outset of the case, I have to deny the legitimacy of such power, whatever be the purposes to which it is directed. I have to denounce it as, in itself, untenable. I have to represent religion as applying itself to men in their personal, as distinguished from any corporate capacity—"Let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another; for every man shall bear his own burden." I could not state my position in plainer or stronger language than that which this passage of Scripture contains. Every man, as a man, stands alone. He is to himself his own world. He possesses an individual consciousness which he cannot share with another. His bodily and mental faculties comprise a whole which distinguishes him from every other individual of the race. He is moved by a will which is his, and he feels a responsibility as to his actions, which he cannot extend to anything else with which he has to do. He is perfect within the circle of his own being. Thus God has made him, and thus he must be regarded by God. The eye of the Omniscience does not confound him with the mass; and we ought not to speak to him, or treat him as if he were, or could be, so confounded. I need not argue this point. It is made too clear, by the slightest reflection upon what passes within every man's breast, to require any other proof. Church authority is a forgetting this independence—a losing sight of the true character of the man in the interest of a body—a violation of the axiom, that each individual is a whole, circumscribed by his own powers, and impelled by his own will.

Nor is this independence which belongs to man, the only thing to be urged against the encroachments of a religious corporation. That independence is intimately connected with another privilege which stands even more directly opposed to everything in the nature of authority, as attaching to such a corporation. The privilege to which I refer, is that of Religious Equality. "Be not ye called Rabbi," said our Savior, "for one is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." To whom were these words originally addressed? To the "multitude and his disciples"; thus placing those who had been chosen to the peculiar work of the apostleship upon a level of common brotherhood with the private members of the christian church. What is the point of objection against which they are directed? The being called Rabbi; the assumption of mastery, of authority, over others; the occupation of a station of power and rule, as if one christian had rights of government which did not belong to another. What is the argument urged against this assumption? That independent rule and authority in his church belong to Christ alone; that all the members and officers of that church are bound to submit to him, a sole prescriber of the laws by which its affairs are to be conducted. And what are the general principles deducible from all this? That each department of service embraced by the Christian institution, should be occupied in an exclusive dependence upon the ability which may be appropriate to that service; that no one should possess arbitrary power beyond the range of his service; and that the various departments of service themselves should be regulated in conformity with the facts that all the members of the Christian community stand in an equal relation to Christ, as the one lawgiver of that community. Such principles are utterly irreconcilable with a system which exalts the ministers of religion into a class, or order, above the other members of the Church; which constitutes that class, irrespective of moral qualification, by the arbitrary rule of *succession;* which invests it with power, both authoritively to announce the doctrines of the gospel, and exclusively to confer its benefits; and which makes a submission to this power a part of the duty devolving upon the Christian. "Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them, and their great ones exercise authority upon them. But so shall it not be among you."—*John Gordon.*

Police Reports, as a general thing, are "stale, flat and unprofitable," but, occasionally one makes its appearance which is worthy of perusal. The following, which we find in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, is one of the best we have seen.—*Maine Bangor Gazette.*

Abortive Attempt to Improve the Intellect of a Policeman.

A tall, thin, sallow young man, very shabbily attired, and having a very dejected expression of countenance, was bro't before the magistrates of College-street police office, on Saturday, charged with having been disorderly in the street on the night previous, as also with having committed an assault of a serious character upon Police-constable 280 B. The state of the constable's right eye spoke libraries for the truth of the latter charge. The prisoner gave his name as Wilson.

From the statement of Constable 280 B, it would appear that he was on duty in Great Brunswick-street, at twelve o'clock on the night preceding, when he was accosted by the prisoner, who coming up to him, entered into a lengthened conversation with him on different topics, and asked him a variety of ridiculous questions. The constable, finding that the importunities of the prisoner were such as to impede him in the discharge of his duties, advised him to go about his business, and "not to be making a Judy Noggins of himself in the public streets at that hour of the night." The prisoner, however, refused to comply with this judicious advice, stating that he considered it Sardinapalian luxury to be permitted to walk up and down the streets by night gazing upon the stars—'the poetry of heaven'—and enjoying the intellectual conversation of a Policeman. The prisoner then pulled a book out of his pocket, and exhorted 280 B. to lend him his undivided attention, he proceeded to read a variety of poetic pieces with a Stentorian voice, which made all Brunswick-street resound. The constable again remonstrated with the prisoner on the gross impropriety of his conduct, but finding that all his exhortations went for nought, he placed him under arrest, and conducted him to the station-house. On his way thither, he behaved in a most turbulent manner, and gave the constable a blow in the face which blackened his eye.

Magistrate, (to the prisoner)—This is a most extraordinary charge. Am I to believe the story of the constable?

Prisoner—Certainly not your worship. Don't believe him an' thou lovest me. Ah, don't.

Magistrate—Yes, but my good Sir, the man is on his oath.

Prisoner—And what of that? Don't believe him though he should unsphere the stars by swearing. He has given you a garbled and distorted statement of the whole transaction.

Magistrate—Have you any evidence to offer in refutation of his statement.

Prisoner—If you would be esteemed a man of intellect and discernment believe him not; never take a constable at his word. There are two things which, beyond all other, proclaim weakness of intellect, your worship.

Magistrate—What are they?

Prisoner—The first is believing in animal magnetism: the second, believing a constable on his oath. The force of human credulity could no further go.

Magistrate—Come, come, Sir, have you any thing to offer in explanation of your conduct?

Prisoner—Much, very much.

Magistrate—You appear to have treated the constable very badly.

Prisoner—Not half so badly as he deserved. "Oh! that the slave had twenty thousand lives; one is too poor, too pitiful for my revenge!"

Policeman—What harm did I ever do you?

Prisoner—Out of my sight you heartless, soulless, animal. You displayed the blackest ingratitude to me.

Magistrate—What did he do to you?

Prisoner—Oh! your worship, it would be mercy to skin him alive.

Magistrate—What did he do to you, I again ask?

Prisoner—He ought to be kicked thro' flood and field, from the equator to the pole. On Friday last, when night was at the zenith of her dark domain—when the rain was falling in everlasting bucket fulls from the skies—I saw him walking up and down the streets alone, forlorn, disconsolate—a thing for all men's pity and contempt. I knew how pitiable must be the condition, under such circumstances, of a man who had no resource of mind or education to beguile the heavy, dreary hours withal. I resolved to do something to relieve him from this intolerable *ennui*, and walking up to him as he was standing under the lamp-post at the corner of Hawkins' street. I looked with ineffable tenderness into his face, and exclaimed, "How is it with you, sweet?" (loud laughter.)

Magistrate—I really can't see what business you had in addressing the constable at all.

Prisoner—Why, your worship, it was the exuberance of my philanthropy which urged me to do so; I wanted to get into an intellectual conversation with him, and to make him understand how great a solace it would be for his solitary hours to get off by heart some passages from the poets, and recite them as he was parading the streets by night——

Magistrate—What did he reply, when you asked him—"How is it with you sweet?"

Prisoner—Pretty well, I thank you, said he; I only want two things to make me completely happy. I asked him what were these two things—and what do you imagine was his answer?

Magistrate—I am sure I can't tell.

Prisoner—I'll tell you, then—"a pull at the pipe, and a slice of an *inying*." He meant to say an onion, I suppose.

Magistrate—Well, what did you say when you heard that?

Prisoner—My soul sickened within me. I asked him had he ever read "Young's Night Thoughts?" Will you believe it, he answered in the negative? I pulled out the sublime work, and offered to spend the night in walking up and down in reading it to him.

With scorn and disdain he scouted my benevolent offer; I naturally became incensed at such ingratitude, and charged him with being a mere clod of the valley.